You haue been ſtill vnkinde to mee:
Huſ. Faith, and ſo I thinke I haue:
I did my murthers roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſuddaine, but thou haſt deuiz'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou haſt ginen mine eies
Seauen woonds a peece; now glides the deuill from
mee, departes at euery ioynt, heaues vp my nailes:
Oh catch him new torments, that were near inuẽted,
Binde him one thouſand more you bleſſed Angells
In that pit bottomleſſe, let him not riſe
To make men act vnnaturall tragedies
To ſpred into a father, and in furie,
Make him his childrens executioners:
Murder his wife, his ſeruants, and who not?
For that man's darke, where heauen is quite forgot.
Wi. Oh my repentant husband.
Huſ. My deere ſoull, whom I too much haue wrongd,
For death I die, and for this haue I longd.
Wi. Thou ſholdſt not (be aſſurde) for theſe faults die,
If the law cold forgiue aſſoone as I.
Huſ. What fight is yonder? *Children laid out.*
Wi. Oh our two bleeding boyes laid forth vpon
the threſholde. (crack
Hu. Heer's weight enough to make a heart-ſtring
Oh were it lawfull that your prettie ſoules
Might looke from heauen into your fathers eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent glaſſes melt,
And both your murthers ſhoote vpon my cheekes,
But you are playing in the Angells lappes,
And will not looke on me,

Who

Who void of grace, kild you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wiſhes now attaine,
I ſhould then wiſh you liuing were againe:
Though I did begge with you, which thing I feard,
Oh twas the enemy my eyes ſo bleard.
Oh would you could pray heauen me to forgine,
That will vnto my end repentant liue.
Wi. It makes me eene forget all other ſorrowes
and leaue parte with this. Come will you goe,
Huſ. Ile kiſſe the bloud I ſpilt and then I goe:
my ſoull is bloudied, well may my lippes be ſo.
Farewell deere wife, now thou and I muſt parte,
I of thy wrongs repeut me with my harte.
Wi. Oh ſtaye thou ſhalt not goe:
Huſ. That's but in vaine, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farewell ye bloudie aſhes of my boyes,
My puniſhments are their eternall ioyes.
Let euery father looke into my deedes,
And then their heirs may proſper while mine bleeds.
Wi. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſſe, *Exeunt*
then former ſorrows made me. *Husband with holberds.*
Mr. Oh kinde wife be comforted,
One ioy is yet vnmurdered:
You haue a boy at nurſſe your ioy's in him.
Wi: Dearer then all is my poore husbands life:
Heauen giue my body ſtrength, which yet is faint
With much expence of bloud, and I will kneele,
Sue for his life, nomber vp all my friends,
To plead for pardon my deare husbands life.
Mr: Was it in man to woond ſo kinde a creature?

Ile